

D I V I N E
S O N G S

Attempted in easy Language,

FOR THE USE OF

C H I L D R E N.

By I. W A T T S, D. D.

A New EDITION, with Additions of
H Y M N S, &c. from other Authors.

*Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou hast
perfected Praise. MATT. xxi. 16.*



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P R E F A C E

To all that are concerned in the
EDUCATION of CHILDREN.

Dear Friends,

IT is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you before-hand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore, whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish for virtue and religion, ought in the first place to be proposed to you.

VERSE, was at first designed for the service of God, though it has been wretchedly abused since. The Antients among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, *Deut. xxxi. 19. 20.* and we are directed in the New Testament not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs. *Ephes. v. 19.* And there are these four advantages in it:

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their busines a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these songs every week, if they fulfil the busines of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verse, is longer retained in memory, and sooner recollect. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables; exceedingly assist the

remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song running in their mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind, out of the base and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These divine songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that favors of a party: The children of high and low degree of the church of England, or dissenters baptized in infancy, or not, may all join together in these songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible above contempt: so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these compositions may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end, some attempts of SON-NETS on MORAL SUBJECTS, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

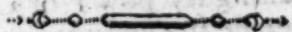
May the almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of GREAT-BRITAIN may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the christian world, and a blessing to the Lord.



DIVINE SONGS,

FOR

C H I L D R E N.



SONG I.

A general song of praise to God.

- 1 **H**OW glorious is our heavenly king,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?
- 2 How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

2 D I V I N E S O N G S

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

2. *Praise for creation and providence.*

1 I Sing the almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

7 In Heav'n he shines with beams of love,
 With wrath in hell beneath ;
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

8 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
 He keeps me with his eye ;
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is forever nigh ?

3. *Praise to GOD for our redemption.*

1 **B**LEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
 The justice and the grace,
 That join'd in council to restore
 And save our ruin'd race.

2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
 And from his glory fell ;
 And we his children thus were brought
 To death, and near to hell.

3 Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
 To take our flesh and blood ;
 He for our lives gave up his own,
 To make our peace with GOD.

4 He honoured all his father's laws,
 Which we have disobey'd ;
 He bore our sins upon the cross,
 And our full ransom paid.

4 DIVINE SONGS

5 Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeem'd us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

8 O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace.

4. *Praise for mercies spiritual and temporal.*

1 **W**hene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see?
What shall I render to my GOD
For all his gifts to me?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet GOD hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street,
Half naked I behold?
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head;
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

5 While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal;
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

6 Are these thy favours day by day
 To me above the rest?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

5. *Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.*

1 Great GOD, to thee my voice I raise,
 To thee my youngest hours belong,
 I would begin my life with praise,
 'Till growing years improve the song.

2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe,
 That I was born on British ground:
 Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
 And words of sweet salvation found.

3 I would not change my native land
 For rich Peru with all her gold:
 A nobler prize lies in my hand,
 Than east or western Indies hold.

4 How do I pity those that dwell
 Where ignorance and darkness reigns;

6 D I V I N E S O N G S

They know no Heav'n, they fear no Hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n ?
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

6. *Praise for the Gospel.*

1 **L**ORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of christian race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

2 What would the ancient jewish kings,
And jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
Heav'n.

3 How glad the heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known !

4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes ?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against me will in judgment rise.

7. *The excellency of the Bible.*

1 **G**REAT God, with wonder and with
praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n ;
But thy good word informs my soul,
How I may climb to heav'n.

3 The fields provide me food and shew,
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

5 Lord make me understand thy law ;
Shew what my faults have been ;
And from the gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd.
To save my soul from hell :
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my bible more,
And take a fresh delight.
By day to read those wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

8. *Praise to God for learning to read.*

1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well ;
And whither shall a sinner flee,
To save himself from hell ?

4 Dear Lord this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

5 Here can I read and learn
How Christ the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern ;
Our ransom cost his blood.

6 And now he reigns above,
He sends his spirit down,
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

7 O may that spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
These truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

8 Then shall I praise the Lord,
 In a more cheerful strain,
 That I was taught to read his word,
 And have not learnt in vain.

9. *The all-seeing God.*

1 **A** LMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye,
 Strikes thro' the shade of night,
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done,
 Be read and publish'd there ;
 Be all expos'd before the sun,
 While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord at thy foot ashamed I lie ;
 Upward I dare not look ;
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
 That my Redeemer felt ;
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

6 O may I now for ever fear
 T' indulge a sinful thought,
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And writes down ev'ry fault.

10. *Solemn thoughts of God and death.*

- 1 THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns and earth and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.
- 3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.
- 6 Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To North or southward, there it lies:
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

11. *Heaven and Hell.*

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky,
A heav'n of joy and love;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above.

2 There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains;
 There sinners must with devils dwell
 In darkness, fire and chains.

3 Can such a wretch as I,
 Escape this cursed end?
 And may I hope whene'er I die,
 I shall to heav'n ascend.

4 Then will I read and pray,
 While I have life and breath;
 Lest I should be cut off to day,
 And sent t'eternal death.

12. *The advantage of early religion.*

1 **H**APPY's the child whose youngest
 years,
 Receive instructions well!
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing to his eyes:
 A flow'r when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

3 'Tis easier work if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes;
 While sinners that grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young;
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, almighty God to thee,
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see,
 That our whole lives are thine.

6 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise,
 Employ my youngest breath ;
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days
 Or fit for early death.

13. *The danger of delay.*

1 WHY should I say 'tis yet too soon
 To seek for heav'n or think of
 death,
 A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine,
 Despise the gracious calls of heav'n,
 I may be harden'd in my sin,
 And never have repentance giv'n.

3 What if the Lord grow wrath and swear,
 While I refuse to read and pray ;
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear
 To all my groans another day ;

4 What if his dreadful anger burn,
 While I reject his offer'd grace,
 And all his love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place ?

5 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God !
 His pow'r and veng'ance none can tell,
 One stroke of his almighty rod,
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
 To cry for pardon or for grace ;
 To wish I had my time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's face.

14. *Examples of early piety.*

1 **W**HAT bleſſ'd examples do I find,
 Writ in the word of truth,
 Of children that began to mind
 Religion in their youth.

2 Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
 And keeps the world in awe ;
 Was once a child as young as I,
 And kept his father's law.

3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
 (The Jews all wond'ring stand)
 Yet he obey'd his mother then,
 And came at her command.

4 Children a sweet hosanna fung,
 And bleſt their Saviour's name,
 They gave him honour with their tongue
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.

5 Samuel the child was wean'd and brought
 To wait upon the Lord ;
 Young Timothy betimes was taught,
 To know his holy word.

6 Then why should I so long delay,
 What others learnt so ſoon ?
 I would not paſs another day
 Without this work begun.

15. *Against Lying.*

1 **O** 'Tis a lovely thing for youth,
To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

2 But liars we can never trust, [true ;
Tho' they should speak the thing that's
For he who does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong ?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?

4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
Which just before her husband told.

5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth ; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone & with fire.

6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell ;
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

16. *Against quarrelling and fighting.*

1 **L** ET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

2 But, children, you should never let

Such angry passions rise ;

Your little hands were never made,

To tear each other's eyes.

3 Let love thro' all your actions run,

And all your words be mild ;

Live like the blessed virgin's Son,

That sweet and lovely child.

4 His soul was gentle as a lamb,

And as his stature grew,

He grew in favour both with men,

And God, his father too.

5 Now Lord of all he reigns above,

And from his heavenly throne,

He sees what children dwell in love,

And marks them for his own.

17. *Love between brothers and sisters.*

1 **W**Hatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;

Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,

Quarrels should never come.

2 Birds in their little nests agree ;

And 'tis a shameful sight,

When children of one family

Fall out, and chide and fight.

3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,

That are but noisy breath,

May grow to clubs and naked swords,

To murder and to death.

16 D I V I N E S O N G S

4 The devil tempts one mother's son
 To rage against another,
 So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
 Till he had kill'd his brother.

5 The wise will let their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis night ;
 But in the bosom of a fool,
 It burns till morning-light.

6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage.
 Our little brawls remove ;
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

18. *Against scoffing and calling names.*

1 **O**UR tongues were made to bless the
 Lord,
 And not speak ill of men ;
 When others give a railing word,
 We must not rail again.

2 Cross words and angry names require,
 To be chashtis'd at school ;
 And he's in danger of hell-fire
 That calls his brother fool.

3 But lips that dare be so profane,
 To mock and jeer and scoff,
 At holy things or holy men,
 The Lord shall cut them off.

4 When children in their wanton play,
 Serv'd old Elisha so ;
 And bid the prophet go his way,
 "Go up thou bald-head, go".

5 God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath'
 And sent two raging bears,
 That tore them limb from limb to death,
 With blood and groans and tears.

6 Great God, how terrible art thou
 To sinners e'er so young!
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
 To tame and rule my tongue.

19. *Against swearing and cursing, and taking God's name in vain.*

1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, almighty God!
 And devils tremble down in hell,
 Beneath the terror of thy rod.

2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
 And when they're angry how they swear,
 And curse their fellows and blaspheme!

3 How will they stand before thy face,
 Who treated thee with such disdain,
 While thou shalt doom them to the place,
 Of everlasting fire and pain?

4 Then never shall one cooling drop
 To quench their burning tongues be
 giv'n;
 But I will praise thee here and hope
 Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

5 My heart shall be in pain to hear
 Wretches affront the Lord above;

'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly father whom I love.

6 If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

20. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*

1 **H**OW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r ?

2 How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

3 In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

4 In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

21. *Against evil company.*

1 **W**HY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight ;
Who curse and swear, but never pray ;
Who call ill-names and fight ?

2 I hate to hear a wanton song,
 Their words offend my ears ;
 I should not dare defile my tongue
 With language such as theirs.

3 Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
 Nor with the scoffers go ;
 I would be talking with the wise,
 That wiser I may grow.

4 From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
 They learn the wicked jest ;
 One sickly sheep infects the flock,
 And poisons all the rest.

5 My GOD, I hate to walk, or dwell
 With sinful children here ;
 Then let me not be sent to hell,
 Where none but sinners are.

22. *Against Pride in clothes.*

1 WHY should our garments made to
 hide
 Our parents shame, provoke our pride ?
 The art of dress did ne'er begin,
 Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

2 When first she put the cov'ring on,
 Her robe of innocence was gone ;
 And yet her children vainly boast
 In the sad marks of glory lost.

3 How proud we are ! how fond to shew
 Our clothes and call them rich and new ;
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
 That very clothing long before,

4 The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I :
 Let me be dreft fine as I will,
 Flies, worms and flow'rs exceed me still.

5 Then will I set my heart to find,
 Inward adornings of the mind ;
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
 These are the robes of richest drefs.

6 No more shall worms with me compare,
 This is the raiment angels wear ;
 The son of GOD, when here below,
 Put on this bleſt apparel too.

7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
 Nor fears the rain nor moth nor mould :
 It takes no spot, but ſtill refines ;
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

8 In this on earth would I appear,
 Then go to heav'n, and wear it there,
 God will approve it in his fight
 Tis his own work, and his delight.

23. *Obedience to Parents.*

1 **L**ET children that would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers fay ;
 With rev'rence meet their parents word,
 And with delight obey.

2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
 Are threaten'd by the Lord,
 To him that breaks his father's law,
 Or mocks his mother's word ?

3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !
 How cursed is his name !

The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

4 But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

24. *The child's complaint.*

1 WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And loose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray ?

2 What do I read my bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will :
And shall I daily know the more,
And less obey thee still ?

3 How senseless is my heart and wild ;
How vain are all my thoughts !
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4 Make me thy heav'ly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray ;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

25. *A morning song.*

1 MY God who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

2 When from the chambers of the east,
 His morning race begins,
 He never tires, nor stops to rest ;
 But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
 The business of the day ;
 Begin my work betimes, and still
 March on my heav'nly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
 Nor let my soul complain,
 That the young morning of my days,
 Has all been spent in vain.

26. *An evening song.*

1 **A**ND now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise :
 My comforts ev'ry hour make known
 His providence and grace.

2 **B**ut how my childhood runs to waste !
 My sins how great their sum !
 Lord, give me pardon for the past,
 And strength for days to come.

3 **I** lay my body down to sleep ;
 Let angels guard my head,
 And thro' the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.

4 **W**ith cheerful heart I close mine eyes
 Since thou wilt not remove ;
 And in the morning let me rise
 Rejoicing in thy love.

27. *For the Lord's-day morning*

1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose,
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in my bed ?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'r of death and hell,
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

3 To-day with pleasure christians meet,
To pray and hear the word :
And I will go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n :
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven !

28. *For the Lord's-day evening.*

1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heav'n below :
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine
 Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
 That hoping pardon thro' his blood,
 I may lie down, and wake with God.

*The TEN COMMANDMENTS out of the
 Old Testament, put into short Rhyme for
 children.*

EXODUS, *Chap. xx.*

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

*The sum of the COMMANDMENTS out of
 the New Testament.*

MATTHEW xxii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
 And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

MATT. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
 As you'd have others be to you.
 And neither do nor say to men,
 Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our neighbour.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
 With all your heart and mind:
 And love your neighbour as yourself,
 Be faithful, just, and kind.
 Deal with another, as you'd have
 Another deal with you;
 What you're unwilling to receive,
 Be sure you never do.

*Out of my Book of HYMNS I have here added
 the HOSANNA, and glory to the FATHER,
 &c. to be sung at the End of any of these
 Songs, according to the Direction of Parents
 or Governors.*

*The hosanna; or Salvation ascribed to Christ.
 Long Metre.*

1 **H**OSANNA to king David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne;
 We bless the prince of heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down on earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
 In this delightful work engage;
 Old men and babes in Sion sing
 The growing glories of her king!

Common Metre.

1 **H**OSANNA to the prince of grace,
 Sion, behold thy King!
 Proclaim the Son of David's race,
 And teach the babes to sing.

• Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

Short Metre.

1 **H**OSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood

2 **T**o Christ th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

Glory to the FATHER and the SON, &c.
Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit Three in One,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal Honor done.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN
O F
M O R A L S O N G S.

1. *The SLUGGARD.*

1 'TIS the voice of the Sluggard; I
heard him complain,
" You have wak'd me too soon, I must
slumber again;"
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his
heavy head.

2 A little more sleep, and a little more slum-
ber;
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding his
hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he
stands.

3 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild
brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and
higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning
to rags;
And his money still wastes, 'till he starves
or he begs.

4 I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He took better care for improving his
mind:

He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating
and drinking;

But he scarce reads his bible, and never
loves thinking.

5 Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson
for me:"

That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in
my breeding,

Who taught me betimes to love working
and reading.

2. *Innocent Play.*

A BROAD in the meadows to see the
young lambs [dams,
Run sporting about by the side of their
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open
cage,
When they play all in love, without anger
or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight.

2 If we had been ducks, we might dabble in
mud [blood;

Or dogs, we might play till it ended in
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, and such pretty
names,

Should be cleanly and harmless as doves
or as lambs,

Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

3 Not a thing that we do, nor a word that
we say,

Should injure another in jesting or play;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt;
 How rude are the boys that throw pebbles
 and mire; [fire,
 There's none but a madman will fling about
 And tell you, "Tis all but in sport."

3. *The ROSE.*

HOW fair is the rose? what a beautiful flower?

The glory of April and May: [hour
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an
 They wither and die in a day.

3 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,

Above all the flowers of the field:
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine co-
 lours are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield?

3 So frail is the youth, and the beauty of men
 Tho' they bloom and look gay like the
 rose: [vain;

But all our fond care to preserve them is
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

4 Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my
 beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade:
 But gain a good name by well doing my
 duty;

This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

4. *The THIEF.*

WH Y should I deprive my neighbour
 Of his goods against his will?

Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

2 'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame and pain.

3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit?

4 Oft we see a young beginner
Practice little pilfering ways,
'Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

5 Theft will not be always hidden,
Tho' we fancy none can spy;
When we take a thing forbidden
God beholds it with his eye.

6 Guard my heart, O God of heav'n,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not giv'n,
Guard my heart and hands from sin

5. *The ANT or EMMET.*

1 THESE Emmets how little they are in
our eyes? [dies]
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their
school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn

2 They don't wear their time out in sleeping
or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular
forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts
and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

3 But I have less sense than a poor creeping
ant, [want,
If I take not due care for the things I shall
Nor provide against dangers in time
When death or old age shall stare in my
face, [days
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my
If I trifle away all their prime.

4 Now, now while my strength and my
youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when
fickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe
and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cot
tage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace of heaven.

6. *Good Resolutions.*

1 THO' I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place
Where my growing age shall call me.

2 Should I e'er be rich and great,
Others shall partake my goodness :
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn or rudeness,

3 Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them,
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt or cheat them.

4 If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing,
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing ?

5 When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing ;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

6 What tho' I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest neat and clean.
And submit when they reprove me.

7 If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.

8 I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended,
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

9 May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,

As to speak and do no ill,
Tho' it should be all the fashion.

10 Wicked fashions lead to hell,
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

VII. *A Summer Evening.*

1 **H**OW fine has the day been, how bright
was the fun, [run,
How lovely and joyful the course that he
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he
begun [rain,
And there follow'd some droppings of
But now the fair traveller's come to the
west, [best,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

2 Just such is the christian, his course he be-
gins [his fins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for
And melts into tears, then he breaks out
and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting-sun he looks richer in
grace, [days,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his
Of rising in brighter array.

B *Some*

Some copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already in several hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public, at the end of these songs for children.

A C R A D L E H Y M N.

- 1 **H**USH my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy Angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head.
- 2 Sleep my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide ;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supply'd.
- 3 How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heav'n he descended,
And became a child like thee ?
- 4 Soft and easy is thy cradle :
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay ;
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.
- 5 Blessed Babe ! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright !
Must he dwell with brutal creatures !
How could angels bear the sight ?
- 6 Was there nothing but a Manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the Heavenly Stranger
Did they thus affront the Lord ?

7 Soft my child; I did not chide thee,
 Tho' my song might sound too hard:
 'Tis thy { * Mother }
 Sister } fits beside thee,
 Nurse that }
 And her Arms shall be thy guard.

8 Yet to read the shameful story,
 How the Jews abus'd their King!
 How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.

9 See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought him, there they found
 him,
 With his Virgin mother by.

10 See the lovely babe a dressing;
 Lovely infant how he smil'd!
 When he wept, the Mother's blessing,
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

11 Lo, he flumbers in his manger
 Where the horned oxen fed;
 Peace my darling, here's no danger,
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

12 'Twas to save thee child from dying,
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans and endless crying,
 That my blest Redeemer came.

13 May'st thou live to love and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days:
 Then go dwell for ever near him,
 See his face and sing his praise!
 * Here you may use the words, *Brother, Neighbour, &c.*

14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a Mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joy aspire.

WATT's SACRED CONCERT.

1 COME pretty birds, come to this verdant shade, [spire,
Here let our different notes in praise con-
'Twas the same hand your painted pin-
ions spread,
That form'd my nobler powers to raise his
honours higher.

2 Sweet songsters come, beneath this shady grove, [name;
We'll sit and teach the woods our Maker's
Men have forgot his works, his pow'r, his
love,
Forget the mighty arm that rear'd their
wond'rous frame.

3 I search the crowded court, the busy street,
Run through the villages, trace every
road,
In vain I search, for every heart I meet
Is laden with the world, and empty of its
God.

4 Sweet warblers come, wake all your cheerful tongues, [choirs,
We join with angels and their heavenly
Our humble tunes may imitate their songs,
Tho' bolder are their notes, and purer are
their fires.

HYMNS from different AUTHORS.

H Y M N I.

- 1 SEE the kind shepherd Jesus stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds the tender lamb.
- 2 He'll lead us to the heav'nly streams,
Where living waters flow,
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
- 3 When wand'ring from the fold, we leave
The strait and narrow way,
Our faithful shepherd still is near,
To guide us when we stray.
- 4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
Shall be its shepherd's care;
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from ev'ry snare.

H Y M N II.

YE faithful servants of the Lord,
Who bear my sacred name,
Be the kind shepherds of my sheep,
And feed the tender lamb.

Tell them, I am their shepherd still,
Tho' now I reign above;
Still I can fold them in my arms,
For all my heart is love.

When I've prepar'd a place on high,
 I'll surely call them home;
 There will I gather all my lambs,
 And there my fold shall come.

H Y M N III.

PRESERVE me, Lord ! amidst the croud,
 From every thought that's vain and proud ;
 And raise my wond'ring mind to see,
 How good it is to trust in thee.

From all the enemies of truth,
 Do thou, O Lord ! preserve my youth ;
 And free my mind from worldly cares,
 From youthful sins, and youthful snares.

Lord, in my heart, tho' hard as stone,
 Let seeds of early grace be sown ;
 Still water'd by thy heavenly love,
 'Till they shall spring to joys above.

H Y M N IV.

1 THOU, dearest Jefus, when below,
 Children into thy arms didst take,
 Nor scorn'd, to them, thy love to shew,
 Tho' they were little, mean, and weak.

2 Oh Jefus ! then now condescend
 To stoop to me, thy little child ;
 Become a tender infant's friend,
 And keep me always meek and mild.

3 Oh Jefus ! thou a child haft been,
 And know'st what my temptations are ;
 Pray purge me then from guilt and sin,
 And make me thy peculiar care.

4 Playing, and toys ensnare my mind,
 And draw my wand'ring heart from thee ;
 And now already, Lord, I find,
 My nature's inbred enmity.

5 O wash me then in thine own blood,
 Adopt me Jesus as thy own ;
 I'll call thee Father, Oh my God !
 And aim to live to thee alone.

V. The Serjeant's Speech spiritualiz'd.

1 A Minister of Christ our God,
 Who knew the pow'r of Jesu's blood
 Had at his heart an ardent flame,
 To tell poor souls his captain's fame,
 In ev'ry place he sought to list,
 Thousands of souls for Jesus Christ.

2 This was his speech: Ho ! volunteers,
 Yea each, who for God's service cares :
 In the great troop of happy men,
 Commanded by the Lamb once slain ;
 The chief commander of those hosts,
 That conquest over hell can boast.

3 Let them to Calv'ry's mount repair,
 The charming'st Inn I'm sure is there :
 For your advance you'll there receive
 That peace the world can never give ;
 And enter into present pay,
 Abundant treasure every day.

4 The very best of quarters too,
 For all that but these quarters view ;
 Once ent'ring in our Saviour's arms,
 Are so transported with his charms,

They never more can lodge elsewhere ;
 They cannot other quarters bear.

5 And soon as you the troop shall meet,
 Which lies encamp'd at Jesu's feet,
 Your common garb you'll lay aside,
 And take the robe in scarlet dy'd ;
 And all accoutrements receive,
 Like those who in his presence live.

VI. The Same.

1 I BY faith enlisted am,
 In the service of the Lamb ;
 Present pay I now receive ;
 Future happiness he'll give :
 I enlisted sure shall be,
 Happy in eternity.

2 Jesus now my captain is,
 Conquest I can never miss ;
 Let the fiends of hell engage,
 Fret, and foam, and roar, and rage ;
 I his soldier sure shall be,
 Happy in eternity.

3 What a captain have I got !
 Is not mine a happy lot ?
 Hear ye worldlings, hear my song,
 This the language of my tongue ;
 I his soldier sure shall be,
 Happy in eternity.

4 Come ye worldlings, come enlist,
 This the voice of Jesus Christ ;
 Whosoever will, may come :
 Willing soldiers, here is room ;

You enlisted sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

5 Other serjeants boast and say,
None so happy, are as they ;
Brag their captain's worth, and fame,
Add a title to his name ;
Yet can't promise you shall be,
Happy in eternity.

6 Hear the speech I now proclaim,
Jesus is my captain's name,
Now I loudly notice give,
Sinners all, who pant to live ;
You enlisted sure shall be,
Happy in eternity.

7 Be persuaded, take his pay,
All your sins he'll wash away ;
Now in Jesus's name believe,
Future happiness he'll give,
Yes, in heaven you shall be,
Happy in eternity.

VII. Hymn of general Intercession.

LEST we, O Holy Ghost ! ask wrong,
Be pleas'd to guide our heart and tongue ;
And while Thou help'st our souls in pray'r,
Bow down Thy gracious ear and hear !

See Thou the christian world, and move
O'er all ; and pour thereon Thy love !
Nor let the souls in lands remote,
Turks, Jews, or Heathens be forgot.

Baptiz'd idolaters reclaim,
Ev'n all that name Thy holy Name ;

To France and Portugal and Spain,
Restore Rome's ancient * faith again.

Let ev'ry nation, now o'erspread
With darknes and death's gloomy shade,
Behold Thy light, and joyful own
One only God, and kis the Son.

Let Ireland, Flanders, Scotland, Wales,
And England too, where sin prevails,
With all her Colonies abroad,
Rejoice in a forgiving God.

Jamaica and Gibraltar's town,
Bermudas and Barbadoes own,
Virginia, Carolina hide
In our dear Saviour's wounded Side.

Georgia and Pensylvania keep
As folds of shelter for Thy sheep ;
New England, Maryland prepare
For refuge, when Thy church flies there.

The Jerseys bless, and Guernsey's isle,
Make them, O slaughter'd Lamb ! Thy spoil ;
And fill Thou with Thy heav'ly light
The isle of Man, and isle of Wight.

Let Poland, Prussia, Germany,
Moravia, Holland, Sicily,
With each adjacent province prove
The comfort of a Saviour's love.

In Denmark, Naples, Russia,
Hanover, Brunswick, Genoa,
And ev'ry Dukedom round reveal
The Blood that sav'd us out of Hell.

Nor slight the countries, now enjoy'd
 By wild Arabians, foes of God,
 But them, and their blind neighbours call
 To know Thy grace, Thou Lord of all.

The Scythian bands, each northern strand,
 Greenland's cold coasts, and Switzerland,
 And Lapland's snowy mountains see,
 And give them, give them faith in Thee.

New Zealand, California,
 James island, Friesland, Cañada,
 Convert; and tender mercies shew
 To Florida, and Mexico.

In Newfoundland and Yucatan,
 Arcadia, Luban, and New Spain ;
 On Guinea's ev'ry sunburnt isle,
 Most humble Mediator smile.

Hispaniola and Patagons,
 With all the land of Amazons
 Be pleas'd to save ; and Chili too,
 And all the country of Peru.

Regard the isles of Bahama,
 The western isles, and Nubia,
 And Porto Rico, Jucuman,
 Shew Thou the Lamb for sinners slain.

Let Terra Firma, Del Fugo,
 And Paraguay our Saviour know ;
 Caribbee islands, and Brazil
 With Thy redeeming Mercy fill.

Caffres, Abyssin, Candia,
 Madagascar and Corsica,

With Italy and Turkey blefs,
By giving them Thy righteousness.

Sardinia, Sweden, Norway view,
The islands of Canary too,
Enlighten truly in the faith,
And let Circaffia 'scape Thy wrath.

In Cyprus, Ceylon, Sumatra,
Samoïades and Natolia;
In Persia also, Lamb of God!
Make known the merits of Thy blood.

The ifles of Timor and Japan,
The ifles of Sunda, Iva, Lan,
Enrich with special love and grace
And grant Phillipi's ifles Thy peace.

New Holland, and New Britain Lord,
Awake, and publish there Thy word;
Let Borneo, Media, Maccafar
Thy everlasting Gospel hear.

The Parthian coasts and Macedon,
And Nyphon, where Thou art not known,
In Mercy visit from above,
And teach Campagnia Jesu's love.

Siberia, China to Thee join,
Tonguin and Yedso call Thou mine;
Let Carpentaria, Tuscany
Adore and call on none but Thee.

And India's orient hills regard,
There kindly let Thy fame be heard,
To those and savage Negroes send
Some preachers of the Sinner's Friend.

Thy grace in Ethiopia shew,
And let her natives Jesus know,
Beyond her rivers call Thy own
To share the glories of Thy throne.

Tharsis and Saba's scented hills,
And all th' adjoining strands and isles
Perfume with sweeter blessings, Lord,
Than all Arabia's fields afford.

Proud Egypt, and where Nilus flows,
Enrich with pure, celestial dews,
And make her towns and cities prove
The pow'r of Jesu's wounds and love.

In all the lands of Barbary,
Moscovy's parts and Tartary,
Salvation's glorious News declare,
And plant Thy Gospel, Saviour, there.

What shall we say? remember Thou
All known and unknown climes below;
The East, the West, the North, the South
Bless Master with Thyself, the Truth.

Throughout all Afric, Afia,
In Europe, in America,
Let Thy all quick'ning Word be sent,
Thy New, eternal Testament.

Let ev'ry Kingdom call Thee Lord,
E'en those, who have Thy Name abhor'd;
Let all the earth be fill'd with Thee,
As Waters overspread the Sea.

Bring to one Fold the scatter'd Seed,
To join one only righteous Head;

Let Abra'm's sons, and Gentiles call
On Thee, the Saviour of us all.

Let the divided churches see
The Truth, and ev'ry where agree ;
Faithful and true disciples prove,
Abiding in the bonds of Love.

Let zeal for names and sects be o'er,
And differing parties jar no more ;
Be other characters unknown,
But followers of the Lamb alone.

Let one pure Spirit rule the whole,
One Song be sung by ev'ry soul,
With one accord, and just the same,
Pray to, and praise, the martyr'd Lamb !

VIII. St. CECILIA's HYMN.

1 **O** Born of a virgin, most lowly and
meek, [seek,
Thou sent of thy Father lost creatures to
Vouchsafe in the manner that pleases thee
best,
To kindle thy love in my virginal breast.

2 Let the words of my mouth, and the
thoughts of my heart,
Obey the sweet force which thy grace shall
impart,
Whilst Angels assist me to offer my vows,
To the God of my life, my Creator and
Spouse.

3 My life I esteem, O Creator divine,
 As a loving impression out-flowing from
 thine, [a part]
 As an act of thy bounty, which gives us
 Of the light, love and glory, my God,
 which thou art.

4 May I always as little thy pleasure oppose,
 As the pure simple matter from whence I
 arose;
 And by thee, and for thee, created fulfil,
 In thought, word and deed, thy adorable
 will.

6 By this blessed will howsoever made known
 With a dutiful joy may I govern my own,
 And deaf to all tempting enchantments of
 sin,
 I will listen to thee my Redeemer within.

6 Thy words will I ponder by night and by
 day,
 And the light of thy gospel shall mark out
 my way,
 'Till at length I arrive at the honor I claim,
 To live like a virgin baptiz'd in thy name.

THE PRAISE OF THE MORNING;

Or, The Sluggard Reproved.

FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake,
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song?
 For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise?

To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?
 Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul;
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wilder'd, & tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than nature craves: when every muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?

A

FATHER's ADVICE,

- 1 **C**hildren, these useful maxims mind,
 Tho' trifling they may seem;
 If strictly follow'd, you will find
 They will procure esteem:
- 2 First then, confusion to avoid,
 Put every thing in place,
 And keep it there, when not employ'd,
 Disorder breeds disgrace.
- 3 **E**conomy and neatness too
 On simple rules depend,
 A method seek in all you do
 That will to order tend.
- 4 If what you want is near at hand,
 Or in the place assign'd,
 You never need confused stand,
 With an embarrass'd mind;
- 5 But quickly fetch, without delay,
 Or give directions where;

And you much trouble will, each day,
Yourselves or others spare.

6 Ever avoid chicane and trick,
By acting nobly right ;
Assist each other cheerful, quick,
And make it your delight.

7 Dispatch gives pleasure to the mind,
And unity creates :
Delays occasion words unkind,
And comfortless debates.

8 Disorder, discord, idleness,
From every action drive,
Irregularity dismiss,
And for sweet Order strive.

9 View every thing that God has made,
Your utmost thoughts expand,
With all the powers of mind pervade
The wonders of his hand ;

10 And you will find, on strict survey,
That order is his plan,
Which, from creation to this day,
Continues as began :

11 Except poor man, who early fell,
And lost his first estate,
Nor ever can in comfort dwell
'Till God anew create.

12 Earnestly beg our gracious Lord,
To cleanse you from the fall,
Implant in you his living word,
That he may be your all :

13 So shall your minds to order tend,
 In his appointed way:
 And he will keep you to the end,
 That you ne'er from him stray.

14 Whatever does your time employ,
 May you his footsteps scan,
 That you his blessings may enjoy,
 And order be your plan.

15 Domestic comforts then will flow,
 But not without alloy;
 O may you seek the Lord to know;—
 His love gives real joy;

16 He is the only source of bliss,
 His word points out the road,
 To search it daily never miss,
 'Twill lead you straight to God,

17 O may you walk the narrow way,
 That leads to endless rest,
 Then you'll have true enjoyment here,
 And be forever blest.

18 Rise early, and with willing mind
 Use the first hours with care,
 And you may all with pleasure find
 A time for praise and prayer.



THREE DIALOGUES
FOR CHILDREN.

I.

AT BEGINNING SCHOOL IN THE MORNING.

First Boy or Girl.

MAY we, this day, O Lord, attend,
To the instructions of each friend,
Pay prompt obedience to their will,
And all their kind commands fulfil.

Second.

Grant me, O Lord, a willing mind,
To reading and to work inclin'd;
My teachers then will gladly see
That I can quite industrious be.

Third.

Dear Saviour, take my little heart,
And to it every good impart;
Then I shall give my friends delight,
And cheerful do what they think right.

Fourth.

O bleſſ me too, thou ſinner's Friend,
And grant I may on thee depend;
O teach me also how to pray,
And lead me in the narrow way.

Fifth.

Dear Saviour, grant us all this day
 Hearts quite disposed to obey ;
 Then peace and pleasure will abound,
 As we are in our duty found.

Sixth.

Yes, then we can our parents greet,
 With cheerful looks, whene'er we meet ;
 And they will all delighted be
 As they our daily progress see.

Seventh.

It gives our teachers real joy,
 If we our time do well employ ;
 And 'tis their hearts delight to say,
 We mind improvement more than play.

Eighth.

May I be an industrious child,
 Humble, and teachable, and mild ;
 Most willingly instruction ask,
 And cheerfully perform my task.

Ninth.

If we do not our teachers mind,
 And are to idleness inclin'd,
 We shall be wretched in our play,
 And quite unhappy all the day.

Tenth.

May I, dear Jesus, also be
 Willing to love and follow thee ;
 Most readily my will resign,
 And be, my God, forever thine,

Eleventh.

'Tis pleasing when an earthly friend
Has cause our conduct to commend:
But as our Saviour, from on high,
Deigns to look down with gracious eye,
On his redeemed little band,
And leads us with his guardian hand,
Our favour'd hearts a song should raise,
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

Twelfth.

As none can truly life enjoy
Who do not well their time employ;
May we in earnest all unite
To make improvement our delight.

S E C O N D D I A L O G U E.

First Boy or Girl.

HOW blessed 'tis that we are told,
What a dear Saviour we have got;
O may our little hearts unfold,
To thank him for our happy lot.

Second.

Yes, we have greatest cause indeed
To bless and praise him too,
That he has sent us friends in need,
To teach us 'tis his due.

Third.

And I, poor sinner too will try
To praise him for his love;
For he came down to bleed and die
That we may go above,

Fourth.

O happy ! happy ! happy ! there,
 We shall for ever be ;
 Take us, dear Saviour, in thy care,
 'Till called home by thee.

Fifth.

And did he leave that happy place,
 For us poor sinful clay,
 And suffer pain and foul disgrace
 To take our sins away ?

Sixth.

Yes, our dear Saviour, he did come,
 At Christmas, that is true ;
 And he will some day take me home,
 And all that love him too.

Seventh.

May our dear parents also be
 Held by thy guardian hand ;
 And may our teachers always see
 They're in thy chosen band.

Eighth.

Help thy dear child also to pray
 For blessings on us all ;—
 That we may grow in grace each day,
 O Lord, I humbly call.

Ninth.

This morning to his house we'll go,
 May we attentive be ;—
 That each may hear, and learn to know
 The Saviour died for me.

Tenth.

So very humble was his birth,

The manger was his bed ; —

His mother was oblig'd to lie,

Where horned cattle fed.

Eleventh.

This infant Man is God of might,

(Astonishing yet true)

Then let us in his praise unite,

All glory is his due !

Twelfth.

Bless all within this house, dear Lord,

And friends both far and near ;

And may we all obey thy word,

Serve thee in love and fear.

THIRD DIALOGUE.

First Boy, or Girl.

AS you promis'd, dear father, to give us
a treat,

You with pleasure again took your pen ;
And to give you delight, we will gladly repeat,

Good news of the Saviour of men.

Second.

Glad tidings by angels to shepherds were
brought,

Who at midnight their flocks did attend ;
For the heav'nly child in a stable they sought,

And found in the manger our friend.

Third.

They were all struck with fear at the wonderful blaze,

Of dazzling light that shone round ;
The voices angelic fill'd them with amaze,
For it was a most ravishing sound !

Fourth.

Of "Glory to God in the highest" they sang,

"To men they proclaimed good will ;"
The heav'ly Arches with melody rang,
And shall we be silent and still ?

Fifth.

If we cannot sing we will tell of his love,

On the kindest of errands he came ;
It was to redeem us and take us above,
And we will rejoice in his name.

Sixth.

Immanuel's name is precious indeed,

No other can with it compare :—

If we tell him our wants, our souls he will
feed

With his grace, which is heavenly fear.

Seventh.

Our pride and self-will are offensive to thee,

Dear Saviour, then take them away ;

That we quite obedient and humble may be,
We will pray for thy strength ev'ry day.

The BEGGAR's PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him
To your door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and heav'n will bless your
 store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd
 years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
 For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of his bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the
 cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not with-hold a kind re-
 lief,
 And tears of pity would not be represt.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should
 we repine? [see,
 'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief and heaven will bless your
store.

*A short Scripture Catechism for CHILDREN,
which will serve to explain to them many
principal persons contained in the Scriptures.*

Q. *WHO was Adam?* A. The first man that
God made, and the father of us all.

Q. *Who was Eve?* A. The first woman,
and she was the mother of us all.

Q. *Who was Cain?* A. Adam's first-born
Son, and he kill'd his brother *Abel*.

Q. *What was Abel?* A. A better man than
Cain, and therefore *Cain* hated him.

Q. *Who was Noah?* A. The good man
who was saved in the ark when all the world
was drowned.

Q. *Who was Job?* **A.** The most patient man in the world under pains and losses.

Q. *Who was Abraham?* **A.** Father of the faithful, the pattern of believers and the friend of God.

Q. *Who was Jacob?* **A.** Isaac's youngest son, and he craftily obtained his father's blessing.

Q. *What was Israel?* **A.** A new name that God himself gave to Jacob.

Q. *Who were the twelve Patriarchs?*—
A. The twelve sons of Jacob, and fathers of the people of Israel.

Q. *Who was Pharaoh?* **A.** The king of Egypt, who drowned the children, and he himself was drowned in the Red Sea.

Q. *Who was Moses?* **A.** The deliverer and law-giver of the people of Israel, and he led them thro' the wilderness, and was counted the meekest man.

Q. *Who was Sampson?* **A.** The strongest man, and he slew a thousand of his enemies with the jaw-bone of an ass.

Q. *Who was David?* **A.** The man after God's own heart, who was raised from a shepherd to a king.

Q. *Who was Goliah?* **A.** The Giant whom David slew with a sling and a stone.

Q. *Who was Solomon?* **A.** David's beloved son, the king of Israel, and the wisest of men.

Q. *Who was Jonah?* **A.** The Prophet who lay three days and three nights in the belly of a fish.

Q. *Who was Nebuchadnezzar?* **A.** The

proud king of *Babylon*, who ran mad and was driven among the beasts, lived with them & eat grafts, and grew hairy all over his body.

Scripture names in the New Testament explained.

Q. *Who was Jesus Christ?* A. The Son of God, and the Saviour of men.

Q. *Who was Joseph the carpenter?* — A. The supposed father of Christ, because he married his mother.

Q. *Who were the Jews?* A. The family of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, and God chose them for his own people.

Q. *Who were the Gentiles?* A. All the nations besides the *Jews*.

Q. *Who was Herod the Great?* A. The king of *Judea*, who killed all the children in a town in hopes of killing Christ.

Q. *Who were the disciples of Christ?* — A. Those who learnt of him as their master.

Q. *Who were the Apostles?* A. Those twelve *Disciples* whom Christ chose for the chief ministers of the *Gospel*.

Q. *Who was Simon Peter?* A. The Apostle who denied Christ, and repented.

Q. *Who was John?* A. The beloved Apostle who leaned upon the bosom of Christ.

Q. *Who was Judas?* A. The wicked disciple who betrayed Christ with a kiss.

Q. *Who was Pontius Pilate?* A. The governor of *Judea*, who order'd Christ to be crucified.

Q. *Who were the four Evangelists?* — A. *Matthew*, *Mark*, *Luke*, and *John*, they wrote the History of Christ's Life and Death.

SERMON for CHILDREN.

MARK, Chap. x. Verse 14.

And Jesus said, suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

HOW great is your honour and happiness, children, to be thus noticed by the Son of God, the Saviour of the world! though he was so great, you see he was humble; though he was wise, he was condescending.

But I must tell you the whole of this pleasing story.

While *Jesus* was employed, as usual, in teaching the multitude who came to him, some pious parents brought their children to *Jesus* that he might bless them. His disciples, instead of encouraging, rebuked those who brought them; but when *Jesus* saw it he was much displeased, and said unto them, *Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven;* and he took them up in his arms and blessed them.

Good children are humble, modest, and teachable, and so must all good people be. In heaven there are none who are proud, conceited, or ill-natured. In that world the saints are all lovely and amiable, such as you children ought to be, and such as you must be if you would live with *Christ* in his heavenly kingdom.

Heaven is full of love; God himself is love; his saints dwell in love: and can you

children, expect to go to that world of love, if you do not love God, and *Christ*, and one another? If you are proud, malicious, or ill-natured, do you think that *Jesus* would say, of such as you is the kingdom of heaven? No, these are the dispositions that would fit you only for the devil's kingdom. And would you wish to live for ever with those who are full of malice, pride, and anger? who hate God and *Christ*, and one another? no; we hope better things of you. You wish to be holy; for God is holy: to be modest and humble; for *Jesus* was meek and lowly: to be loving and kind, that *Jesus* may be able to say, of such as you is the kingdom of heaven.

How delightful must it be to those who brought the children to *Jesus*, to see them in the arms of their compassionate Saviour? And there is nothing, my little friends, that your pious parents so much wish for, as to see you coming to *Jesus Christ* for life and salvation. Though he is now in heaven, the arms of his love and compassion are still open to receive you. He can bestow upon you every blessing you stand in need of, both for soul and body; he can bless you in this world and bless you for ever.

Your pious parents have already put you into the arms of this compassionate Saviour, and devoted you to his service; and will you not chuse him for your Saviour and your Lord? Your parents' prayers will not save you; you must pray for yourselves. Go, Children, to this compassionate Saviour; you have eve-

ry encouragement; your ministers encourage you, your parents encourage you, *Jesus* himself says, come unto me; and can you refuse his kind invitation? Say to him, Lord! to whom should we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life.

A H Y M N.

COME, Children, 'tis *Jesus* that calls,
The voice of your Saviour obey;
When *Jesus* invites you to come,
No disciple shall turn you away.

The children he folds in his arms,
Must surely be blessed indeed;
For *Jesus* alone can bestow,
The spiritual blessings they need.

Let parents with thankfulness own,
Th' encouragement *Jesus* has giv'n;
Delighted to hear him declare,
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A P R A Y E R.

For a young Child.

SAVE me Lord *Jesus*! save me! that I perish not, Lamb of God hear me; Son of God have mercy upon me. Thou hast bid little children to come unto thee. O dear Saviour, let nothing hinder me from coming to thee. Pray give me faith, pray give me love, pray make me holy. I have no Saviour but thee to go to; O deliver me from my sinful state; save me from this wicked

world, and the devil, that I may love and serve thee on earth, and live with thee, and praise thee for ever and ever in heaven
AMEN.

Another.

O THOU God of love, have mercy on me and bless me. O thou only Saviour who didst invite little children to come unto thee: I would come unto thee and call upon thee, now; pray take thy unworthy child into the arms of thy love, and keep me from all evil and danger this night. O God thou art very kind and loving to me, and thou hast promised to give the best of gifts to such sinners as I am, surely; O Jesus I ought to love thee; make me to delight in reading thy holy scriptures, that I may know how much thou hast suffered for my sins, and to save my precious soul: Into thy arms I commend myself, fit me for death, prepare me for judgment, for thy love and mercy's sake. AMEN.

The Lord's Prayer.

O UR Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever. AMEN.

*A Prayer before Service begins.**

LORD, all my purposes prepare,
Let me thy tender mercies share ;
Correct my ways, my thoughts refine,
And make my heart completely thine :
Thy all inspiring grace afford,
When I peruse thy sacred word ;
And, O my God, who all things gave,
My soul, my dear Redeemer, save.

Two Diamonds. A Fable.

ACURIOS casket open flew,
And gave its treasures to my view.
Here Butterflies, a beauteous band,
The plumage of their wings expand ;
Here shells were rang'd in ample store,
Ransack'd from ev'ry sea and shore,
There corals, chrystals, spars and ore.
A cell distinguish'd from the rest,
Two diamonds, of rare worth, possest ;
One cut with care, and polish'd fine,
The other rough from nature's mine.
The unwrought stone, in language clear,
Thus seem'd to say in fancy's ear :
Ah ! sister gem, amaz'd I see
The difference now 'twixt you and me.
Time was, when far remov'd from day,
Deep in Golconda's Mine we lay
In equal rudeness side by side,
Unknown to fame, unseen by pride :
But now, and truth must own it due,
All admiration falls on you.

* Composed by a little Girl, and found written in her prayer Book.

Whilst you in every change of light
 Refulgent flash upon the sight,
 What eye but joys to meet your rays ?
 What tongue but wantons in your praise ?
 The polish'd diamond, void of pride,
 In modest accents thus replied :
 The bright perfections which you see
 Are native both to you and me :
 Nature to both alike was kind,
 And both for equal ends design'd.
 But know, though Nature forms with ease,
 'Tis art must give the power to please.
 The artist with assiduous care
 Proportion'd fine and polish'd fair,
 Call'd into life each brilliant hue,
 And wak'd the light'ning that you view.
 But oh ! had chance with-held his skill,
 I had remain'd unnotic'd still.
 The time may come when you shall shine
 With lustre far surpassing mine.

MORAL.

My lovely friend, you here may find
 An emblem of the human mind.
 Uneducated, Nature's child
 Is ignorant, and rude, and wild :
 To reason's power has small pretence,
 Ideas none, but those of sense.
 But Education, heav'nly art,
 Does ev'ry needful aid impart,
 And with a gentle pow'r controul
 Each wayward passion of the soul :
 It gives the virtues, gives their grace,
 Adds beauties to the fairest face ;
 It gives a thousand charms to shine,
 And makes the human soul divine.



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